

Character sketches



trollcatz

 trollcatz

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>


2008-06-16 18:51:00




MOOD:  wondering

MUSIC: T. grading papers, profanely

The building I live in is gorgeous, but the layout tends to limit one's interactions with the neighbors. The mailboxes are pretty much it. And really, I'm not exactly outgoing. ("She was quiet. Kept herself to herself, you know what I mean. Didn't seem like the type to...")

 [cvillette \(https://cvillette.livejournal.com/\)](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)'s building is one of those old-fashioned smallish brick numbers with all the apartments on a floor sharing a hallway. People who live there see their neighbors. (And hear them, which can now and then be less than ideal, and is probably why our building isn't laid out that way.)

The first time I went over to drop stuff off and pick stuff up, I barely had the key in the lock when a door down the hall opened. An elderly man sticks his head out. "Who the hell are you?" he asks. I tell him I'm a friend of

 [cvillette \(https://cvillette.livejournal.com/\)](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)'s. "He's not back yet? Why not?"

I consider "None of your beeswax," but finally say he'll be in the hospital for a while. "What the hell did he do this time?" says the old guy. "He's limping every goddamn time I see him. I told him he'd end up in the hospital if he didn't wise up."

At which point I realize I'm meeting Mr. Wojchowski.

Just as I'm about to make a haughty and disapproving exit, he says, "He need anything? He needs something, you let me know. They treat you like shit in those goddamn hospitals."

I assure him I'll let him know.

Unlike the meeting with Mr. Wojchowski, I initiate first contact with the Ngs, because I know Chaz asked them to look after things while he was gone. I have to tell them he'll be gone a little longer

than anyone expected.

Mrs. Ng fusses and worries and gives me tea. She's short, slender, and seems perpetually distracted, but I think that's just the wrapping on a solid steel core. The Ngs' apartment is too small for them, but it's perfectly clean and cleverly organized. And when Mrs. Ng says something to her boys, they pay attention.

Jeff wants to be a scientist. Or maybe a fireman. Or the kind of scientist who's also an explorer; he tells me there are lots of those, and not like Indiana Jones, who isn't real. If you're looking for outgoing, look no further.

Brandon is quiet. But it's a happy quiet. His favorite thing is animals; he has piles of library books about them, birds and rodents and snakes and tigers and elephants. He's going to be an animal doctor for the zoo, he says.

Jeff jumps in to assure me doctors also do science, because they learn biology. That's why they have to know math.

Brandon nods. "Chaz is helping us," he tells me. "We're getting really good." Their mother adds that they're both way ahead of their grade in math and science, and Jeff got a scholarship to a two-week science camp in July.

Jeff looks worried. "But if Chaz isn't back, I have to help take care of his stuff." It's okay, I assure him. If Chaz isn't back by then, I'll pitch in. "You have to remember to water the plants," he reminds me.

Brandon tells me what kind of cat food to get for Angry Kitten. When I come back two days later bearing provisions, he tells me she's not angry. "She's scared. She wants us to think she's mean, so we'll stay away, but that's because we might hurt her." He said she lets him watch her eat now. "But I never try to touch her. She's scared of that."

"All kinds of animals like Brandon," Jeff says proudly.

They show me what they've learned on the piano. They have a teacher, and lessons once a week. "But Chaz showed us this." And Jeff tells me about the mathematics of the piano scale, illustrating with chords he has to stretch hard to reach.

 **cvillette** (<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>)'s fingers are much longer.

Jeff and Brandon want to know if Chaz needs anything. "He likes books and music," Jeff says, and Brandon asks, "Can we come see him?" Maybe later, I tell him. They give me a big get-well card to pass on, made from a whole sheet of construction paper and spaceship stickers.

You think you know somebody.



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--

25 comments



kayjayoh

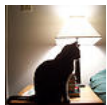
June 17 2008, 02:24:27 UTC

COLLAPSE

<lump in throat>

I am firmly convinced that good relationships with neighbors are a key to a happy life. (I've got that with 2 out of the other 3 apts in my building. If only the awful folks upstairs would go away and be replaced by someone like the previous tenant.)

How is Elmer doing?



txanne

June 17 2008, 02:33:21 UTC

COLLAPSE

Awwww! My Internet boyfriend has hidden depths!

I'm still trying to figure out a way to smuggle him the good chocolate. Tell him I said hi, yeah?



trollcatz

June 17 2008, 05:17:51 UTC

COLLAPSE

I'll tell him...but he'll already know, if he's reading my LJ. Hee!

He has *neighbors*. He has, like, a *village*. Who knew?




 [saoba](#)

[June 17 2008, 02:49:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Aw. Sounds like Brandon's got Angry Kitten's number.

I know if I were sick a handmade get well card with spaceship stickers would make me feel a LOT better. I would put it where I could see it every day.




 [trollcatz](#)

[June 17 2008, 05:18:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Spaceship stickers cure EVERYTHING!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[June 17 2008, 05:19:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Only the sparkly holographic-effect ones.

But other kinds will cure flu and stuff.



 [saoba](#)

[June 17 2008, 05:55:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Kid art has amazing sooper powers. Our five year old niece very kindly drew a picture for our fridge the last time we were home.

You know, usual kid art stuff- tree with owl, smiling sun, T. Rex messily devouring her prey...

Okay, maybe that's just 'usual kid art' in our family. But damned if it doesn't cheer me up. If it had spaceship stickers along iwth everything else it would probably cure global warming.

 [windrose](#)

[June 17 2008, 02:55:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Aw. This made me sniffly. *HUGS*



 [trollcatz](#)


[June 17 2008, 05:20:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

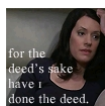
Me, too, kinda. Don't tell anybody.

 [windrose](#)

[June 17 2008, 05:29:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Your secret is safe with me, sweetie.

I'd say give my best to  cvillette when you see him, except he has no idea who I am. Kept meaning to pop by his journal introduce myself, but there never seemed to be a good time. Now? *Really* not a good time. At any rate, y'all are in my thoughts.

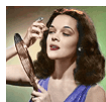


 beatriceeagle

June 17 2008, 03:24:29 UTC COLLAPSE

Now I want to send a homemade get well card.

(By the way, I work in a hospital gift shop, and I looked all over yesterday for a stuffed-animal platypus or coyote, but would you believe it? We didn't even have a Wabbit.)



 Ometotchtli

June 17 2008, 05:13:33 UTC COLLAPSE

Sulking now. I am under-represented.

(Seriously, no rabbits? The teddy bear lobby has gotten out of hand!)



 beatriceeagle

June 17 2008, 05:19:47 UTC COLLAPSE

We have flamingos! And a porcupine. And lots and *lots* of kittehs.

I have a feeling that somehow, *some* way, Angry Kitteh is responsible for that. So sulk not. Maybe it'll endear you to her. *g*

 edschweppe

June 17 2008, 17:52:48 UTC COLLAPSE

The teddy bear lobby has gotten out of hand!

Having a body type that is rather teddy-bear-esque, I resemble that remark.



 calanthe_b

June 17 2008, 05:59:30 UTC COLLAPSE

~g~ Australia Post shops sometimes have stuffed-toy platypuses (and wombats, and echidnas) tucked into bitty tin cans! If you have an address, I could track one down to send...



 inaurolillium

June 17 2008, 03:25:12 UTC COLLAPSE

Awwwww...

I am much too tired and hungry. You made me cry!



 trollcatz

June 17 2008, 05:15:56 UTC COLLAPSE

My fancy-schmancy condo'd building... I think I'm missing out on something.

Except if I didn't live there, where would the Platypus house his mistress?



[!\[\]\(eafc244b53721dd1ec133f0772f70fc7_img.jpg\) **inaurolillium**](#)

[June 17 2008, 13:16:43 UTC](#)

[Edited: June 17 2008, 13:17:36 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

You could always adopt the Coyote's village. I'm sure he won't mind.

In fact, now I'm not sure that you can avoid it.

Just don't tell the Ngs I gave Chaz nightmares about swallowing them, ok?



[!\[\]\(35dc653d59570f8f891c312eeece91a2_img.jpg\) **tamnonlinear**](#)

[June 17 2008, 03:37:26 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Do they seem like the type who would mind a stranger dropping by with a package for Chaz? I have something to drop off, but it's for when he's out of the hospital, not before. It needs to be refrigerated.



[!\[\]\(5abce1a84a655b073239ab33e1199487_img.jpg\) **trollcatz**](#)

[June 17 2008, 05:11:23 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Even Brandon, who's the youngest, is awe-inspiringly responsible. And they're into helping. Have you got the address? If not, ping me!



[!\[\]\(6befd466863f06afb75445d91429f055_img.jpg\) **calanthe_b**](#)

[June 17 2008, 03:47:15 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

...I wish someone had thought to teach me the mathematics of the musical scale when I was a preteen. I might have got maths, then!

Some people are lucky in their neighbours, and I don't just mean the Ng boys.

Mostly OTish, but...



[!\[\]\(d0f94333c2b73aab8679cc2274b0c801_img.jpg\) **jennythe_reader**](#)

[June 17 2008, 07:07:10 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Has anybody told Tasha what's going on? I know they broke up, but it sounded like a friendly one, and she'll probably want to know.



[!\[\]\(7f7ceb95e119107bb8f141b3a39179cf_img.jpg\) **lady_insanity**](#)

[June 17 2008, 17:56:06 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I wish I knew my neighbors. *sigh* Chaz's sound great.



[!\[\]\(53903cbfb986de26f6dc4949f93fd074_img.jpg\) **kitanzi**](#)

[June 20 2008, 23:43:42 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Awww! Those are the best kinds of neighbors to have. We just have the Crazy Screamy Lady who accuses us of running around over her ceiling and thumps with her broom when no one's in the room. I think she needs more drugs, or less drugs, or different drugs, or any rate something.

Cards.... you know, if you wanted to give out an address for people to send them to (simply so they could be conveniently brought to the hospital all at once), I bet quite a few would show up to cheer the invalid.



capecorey

June 24 2008, 18:59:53 UTC

COLLAPSE

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dChI_-kBVwl

I figured I might live longer if I told you first... courtesy of the Kid.

Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

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But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

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